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Can't Have Treats Without Tricks

by [DamnBlackHeart](#)

Summary

After a long night of trick or treating, you and Demyx finally made it home. The first thing that the both of you did was organize your treats, which led to some humorous tricks.

"What's this?" Demyx asked, holding up a small red ball of candy between his forefinger and thumb.

You looked up from your bag of treats. You study the little candy, before pulling out the lollipop in your mouth in order to speak clearly.

"It's a jaw breaker," you said, eyeing the size of the candy. "At least...that's what I think it is. Where's the wrapper? It should say what it is on it."

You slipped your lollipop back in your mouth, sucking it. Demyx looked around, finding more than one open wrapper lying around. "I don't know. I thought it was a gumball and I opened it. I can't find the wrapper now. It's lost in the pile of open wrappers."

"Well, why ask me? Just eat it and you'll know what it is," you said, rolling your eyes.

"Fine," he said, shrugging. He plopped it into his mouth, rolling it side to side with his tongue.

You stared at him, crunching the remaining bits of your lollipop.

"Well?" you asked, noticing his sour expression.

"It's a little spicy and it feels like a jawbreaker," he said, keeping the candy ball on one side of his cheek. "I still don't know what candy this is. I've never tried it before."

You removed the empty lollipop stick, replacing it with a new one.

"Spicy?" you breathe, thinking. "Hm, that sounds familiar. Is it spicy hot?"

You looked down at your own pile of candy. You didn't spot another little red candy ball. So he must have gotten it from his own bag of treats.

"Ugh, it burns!" he whined, holding the candy between his fingers. He was using his other hand to fan his mouth, in hopes that it would lessen the heat.

"What the-? What's wrong?" you questioned, pulling out your lollipop.

"It's so hot!" he exclaimed, wiggling around. "Get me some water!"

"It can't be that bad!" you laughed, shaking your head.

"Water!"

"Okay, okay," you said, getting up and retrieving a glass of cold water. As soon as you return to the room from the kitchen Demyx snatched the cup. He gulped it down throwing the candy away once his mouth wasn't hot.

"My, my...someone must be a virgin to the atomic fireball candy," you said, taking the empty glass from him.

"The what?" he asked, making a face.

"The candy you tried, it must have been a fireball. I hate those. First timers always reacts like that," you smiled, placing the glass down and throwing away your empty lollipop stick.

"So, did you like it?"

"No, I didn't like it!" he said, looking through his pile. "I don't want them. Do you want them?"

"Nah, I don't want them," you said, helping Demyx plucked them out from his pile of candy. "Though...I think I can find a use for them."

"If you don't want it then what are you doing with them?" he asked, looking confused. You picked up the pile of fireball candy, carrying them onto a table. Near the table was a cabinet. You opened it, pulling out a black bag.

"Someone from the Organization hides their bag of candy here," you said, holding the bag.

"Why don't you take all of their candy?" Demyx asked, scratching his cheek.

"That's not as fun!" you cheered, opening the bag and slipping all the fireball candy inside. "Sometimes people need to be a little more creative than just hiding and taking things."

You returned the bag to the cabinet, making sure it was exactly the way you found it.

"Besides, it'll be a waste to throw the fireballs out. So why not give them to someone else who might like it?" you said, giggling.

"Who did you give it too?" he asked, frowning.

You shook your finger at him. "It's a secret. After all, Halloween isn't just about treats, it's also about tricks!"

Demyx stared at you, and quickly scooped his candy back into it's bag, hugging it.

"Oh, please. I didn't mess with your candy," you stated, glaring, "I already got you. Remember?"

"When?" he asked, looking inside his bag.

You sighed, pushing his bag away.

"Your candy is safe. Don't you remember when someone put a snake in your closet? Or at least, what you thought was a real snake?"

"That was you? I thought it was Axel."

"Yup, I stayed under your bed the whole night, and when you finally went to sleep I set that up," you said, leaning closer to him.

"Wait... you were there the whole night?" he asked, paling, "And under the bed?"

You smirked, pulling the collar of his cloak towards you.

"You naughty boy."

He blushed and you dragged him away.

"I want my treat now," you said, winking. You were almost out of the room, but you stopped at the door, looking over your shoulder.

"I wonder who's bag of candy that is. It would be funny if it's who I think it is."

A few hours passed and Axel came into the empty room. He walked over to the cabinet and pulled out his bag. He checked inside, happy to see that no one had found or stolen his treats. He grabbed a handful of candy and place some in his pocket. The rest of the candy that was inside of the bag was returned to the cabinet. He pulled one more candy out, this one happen to be a little red ball and he popped it into his mouth.

"Hm, spicy."

Of course, only a minute later did it kick in. Resulting a flapping Axel, running around the house and screaming about his mouth being on fire.

You laughed, peeking out of the door to watch.

"Out of all the members I would have thought he would be able to handle the heat," you whispered, shaking your head and closing the door. "Idiots. It's not even that hot."

You headed back to bed, cuddling with Demyx who was sleeping like a baby.

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